



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



Rex.

Ludovicus.

Ludovicus Rex.

(Caricature of Louis XIV, by Thackeray.)

"You see at once that majesty is made out of the wig, the high-heeled shoes and cloak, all *fleurs-de-lis* bespangled. . . . Thus do barbers and cobblers make the gods that we worship." — Thackeray.



EDWARD REX.

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.



A MORAL LECTURE.

MISS UPPERTEN.—They say there is a great deal of misery among the poor.

MISS GOTROX.—Well, it's their own fault. There is Reggy Van Pelt, for instance, with only ten thousand a year, trying to keep a yacht and a stable of horses;—no wonder he's miserable!

THE SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION.

Scene—A WOMAN'S CLUB.

SO GLAD to be out again! A week ago I really thought—Have you had it, too? I've been ill since—Oh! don't say a word. My little boy and my cook are both down. Ladies, please come to order. The meeting—And our doctor is such a crank on fresh air! He had both windows—I took it first, with aching bones, and—Oh! I was just sleepy and heavy, but my husband said at once—And poor Mother is barely able to sit up. Her nurse has taken it—Ladies, I am sorry to announce that our secretary is ill with—He had such a fever. I telephoned immediately—Mine began with a chill, and now two of the children are showing symptoms—The house will please come to order—Most awful pains through the head and face, don't you know—Oh! *such* an earache! And I could n't eat a—We're allopathic, of course, it was quinine—And such a sore throat! I still have the cough—Ladies, the subject for discussion, to-

day—Oh! I simply have lost all faith in mustard plasters—My cousins, in Brooklyn, had the aggravated form—And the decorator's man never came; he was in the hospital with the—Ladies, please come to order. The subject for discussion is—Oh! I said so, instantly. I could not be mistaken. I *knew* it was the grippe!

Madeline Bridges.

A MARCH SONG.

A FULL MOON and a silver floor
Swept by a bracing gale
Await us out-of-doors, my dear,
So leave your paltry tale.
So leave your love-sick tale, my dear,
With all its base intrigue,
And come where, gauged by Joy, each rod's
A mile, each mile a league!

The turnpike leading riverward
Sings with the crunch of snow!
There's new life in the crispy air!—
Come! Get your skates and go!
Your sharpest and most bright, my dear,
And be prepared to pay
A small toll at the crumbling gate
Upon our pleasant way.

We'll seek the willows
that dipped in
Our skiff on August nights,
And mark, how hazily the skies
Reflect the city's lights.
Reflect! The city's lights, my dear,
Have lost their chiefest beam
When you, in brisk or balmy hours,
Are with me on the stream.

Your eyes will dance at one mile-
stone,
At two your cheeks will glow;
At three I'll say it's best to turn,
And yet you will not! *No!*
And yet you will not know, my dear,
The meaning of fatigue.
For love and sweet companionship
Make inches of a league!

Edward W. Barnard.

DONE.

Of course, I conducted my English visitor through the Tenderloin.

"What a rare old place!" he exclaimed, in wonder.

"Well-done!" whispered I, for Tammany was still in power.



PUCKOGRAPHS. — XCIV.
WHY IS THIS ACTOR CALLED A MATINEE IDOL?



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZBAUM

ALL HAY ALIKE TO HIM.

THE TRAMP ELEPHANT (*in jungle restaurant*).—You may bring me a bale of hay, garson!
 THE WAITER GIRAFFE.—Yes, sir! Clover or timothy?
 THE TRAMP ELEPHANT (*haughtily*).—It does n't matter which;—I'm not paid to tout any special brand!



THE SONG OF STEAM.

WHEN the garments of Night are waxing thin
 And the air is chill and gray,
 Out of the depths there swells a jinn,
 Chanting his roundelay.
 He hurls me back with a ruthless fist
 From the door of my fairest dream,
 And, lo! from my humble cot I list
 To the strenuous voice of Steam.

Far down in the basement I hear it start
 With "bubble" and "bang" and "crack";
 Shouting apace from a joyous heart,
 It follows its winding track.
 "Rattlety-rattle" and "clankity-clink,"
 "Gurgle" and "bump" and "snap"—
 Farewell to the bliss of the early wink;
 Farewell to the morning nap!

It sings of the janitor, jeans-betogged,
 Poking the slothful fire;
 It sings of the pipes all water-logged,
 Of valves in torment dire.
 It sings of beings with wrath beset,
 And of eyes that close in vain;
 It sings of the dreams that I almost get,
 But never, no, never, attain!

Edwin L. Sabin.

IN DAKOTA.

DIVORCE LAWYER.—What is the cause, Madam?
 CLIENT.—I have been married two years.

GRATEFUL SUBURBANITES.

TOWNE.—Do you make your cook pay for what she breaks?

SUBBUBS (*in amazement*).—Make her pay? I should say not! Why, every month, besides paying her salary, we reward her liberally for what she did n't break!

COUNTRY CUSTOMS.

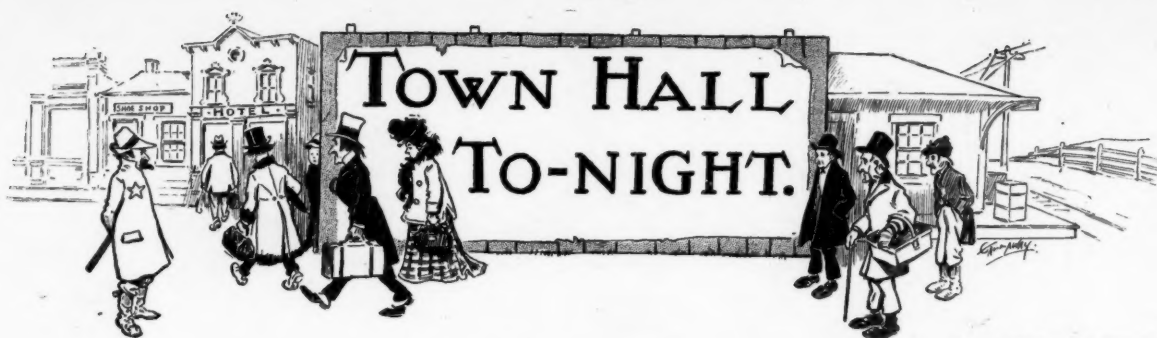
THE CITY OWL.—You rise pretty early out in the country, don't you?
 THE COUNTRY OWL.—That's what, B'gosh! I'm up an hour before twilight every day, rain or shine.



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZBAUM

AT THE PARTY.

CLARENCE COONLEY.—What's yo' goin' to cook, Miss Mokington?
 MISS MOKINGTON.—A Welsh rabbit.
 CLARENCE COONLEY (*eagerly*).—Would it be askin' too much, Miss Mokington, to save de left hind-foot fo' yo's sincerely?



THE ELOCUTIONIST.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWABHANN

"I READ a good joke once," said the old janitor, "in which a boy answered a question of his teacher's by stating that elocution was a method employed in some States for puttin' people to death. That was pretty far-fetched, of course, but I am here to say that, as for me, elocution, of the common or domestic variety, comes nearer to throwin' me into nervous procrastination than 'most anything else that ever appears on the stage in this op'ry house."

"The only exception is a W. C. T. U. lecture; and when one of *them* has a date I open the hall, light the lamps, throw up my hands and fly. Even the small boys don't try to beat their way into that kind of a show; and an entertainment that the boys don't want to slip into is bound to be plenty poor. I can stand pretty near anything, but I am not wholly invaluable—I mean, invulnerable—and a W. C. T. U. *svearee* certainly breaks right through my shell."

"It shatters me all up to hear a number of adipose ladies with commandin' noses and the all-conquerin' pomposity of a white elephant or a Minister Plenipotentiary from some little 2-by-4 patch of land like, we'll say Nigger-auger, step grandly forward and inform us that the latest news concernin' the Rum Demon is that he was recently seen disappearin' over the crest of the nearest hill pickin' at his garments and

turnin' blue around the mouth, and that now the doggeries are all closed and the Vile Stuff can't be had at any price in our once-more-gloriously-emancipated village, thanks to the exhaustive efforts and ringin' resolutions of the W. C. T. U."

"That kind of talk makes me itch, when I well know that the seven unfortunate children of the Mrs. Presidentess of that worthy organization are perpetually in such a sad and hellish state of neglect as regards their poor little panty-loons and skirticoats that they have to scoot up garret or crawl under the house every time company comes, in order not to make public talk; and that at that same blessed minute the Rum Demon and the Presidentess's triflin' husband are down yonder in a secluded corner of the lumber-yard with a few congenial spirits, some of 'em in a squatty, two-gallon jug, and others not, imbibin' of the glorious but only semi-occasional air of freedom washed down with sody-crackers and brick-cheese, and otherwise comfortably makin' beasts of themselves and a-wallerin' in debauchery. I know all about it, myself, b'cuz, by jolly! I'm right down there with 'em! I never tiddle except on special occasions; but there are times when all signs fail and the path quits

runnin' down to the road. I am satisfied in my own mind that the average President of the W. C. T. U.'s husband would n't be half as bad as his nose is painted if he had anything even remotely resemblin' a home to go to; and her children would n't be near so fond of goin' to the reform school or associatin' with dogs and saucerers and other undesirable companions, if they only had enough of the dirt washed off 'm their faces once in a while to enable 'em to see who they were, and an occasional 'Now-I-lay-me' said over 'em, so 's they could ketch a dim idea of what an immortal soul is useful for. This thing of a woman's lettin' the Dirt Demon and the Old Scratch in general take the whole place while she is off tongue-lashin' the Rum Demon and otherwise frenziedly workin' to get her picture into the newspapers in some more genteel way than by bein' cured by Mrs. Soothlow's Syrup, or something of the kind, is enough to drive any self-respectin' husband to drink!"

"But, I believe I started in to say something about elocutionists. I do surely think they are the paltriest people on earth! One of 'em destroyed our elegant rocky gorge scene, years ago, by havin' a fit and wallop in around all over the place with his head stuck through the middle of it; and I have n't forgotten him for it yet, either! But, anyhow, what kind of a way to do is it to get up and recite some piece that was written for the Fifth Reader by some infernal old Roman or other and call that performin'? Shucks! What I consider performin' is either rescuin' helpless maidens from the clutches of designin' villains or buzz-

saws, or such as that; or else spinnin' right around on the top of your head in the middle of the stage, or something of that sort that takes genuine talent. The elocutionist, when she ain't a lady, and therefore an object of pity, is generally a spindlenecked, desiccated young man with long, dank hair, who, instead of entertainin' you, only makes you think that he'd be a heap-sight more appropriately situated if he was hooked up betwixt the handles of a plain but serviceable plow, and causes you to ask, away down deep in your heart, who it was that told him he had talent?"

"That is the question that always enters my mind when I see an elocutionist approachin' the footlights and preparin' to favor us with an imitation of a man edifyin' an audience—who told him he could do it? Lookin' at it another way, I sometimes consider that, after all, these paltry people are sinned against fully as much as they sin. It is not really

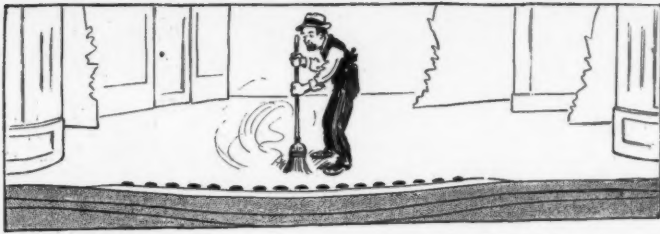


COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWABHANN

NOT TO BE EXPECTED.

"Yis, Mike has a stiddy job but 't is har-rd wor-ruk."
"Oh, well, ivery man can't be on the polace force!"

PUCK.



they who are all to blame; part of the condemnation belongs to the person who told them they had talent. Havin' been so told, they honestly believe they are cut out for entertainers, when in reality they were predestined to be octogenarians or postage-stamp collectors or something equally as harmless — the real criminal is the demon who continually goes up and down the earth tellin' the round incompetents that they are exactly fitted to fill square holes and absolutely hopeless fizzes that they are destined to accomplish great things. And while in so doin' he inflicts a great injustice on the public, I believe he does the poor, petty victims of his lyin' flattery a still more grievous wrong; the public can stay away from the elocutionist if they choose, but the elocutionist can't get away from himself.

"I got to thinkin', the other day — of course it could n't be worked, but what a snap it would be if it only could! — that it would be a brilliant display of poetic justice if a Peace Committee could be formed in every community to ketch the elocutionists as they come along, pop 'em into a hall together and make 'em elocute to each other. Think of the proceedin's that would occur, with about 14 — count them — 14 genuine man-eatin' elocutionists recitin' in unison, every one tryin' to make himself heard above all the rest; one tellin' about havin' fought in the arena every form of man and beast that Rome's vast empire could bring against

him; another proclaimin' that Curfew should n't ring that night; a third defyin' Appius Claudius to go on with his trial; the next one moanin' about a lady whose names has always struck me as bein' Mabelgentlemabelwithherfaceagainstthe pane lookin' out across the waters at what I have never heard called anything but the Beacon-lightatrembleintherain, and an able-bodied one gur-r-r-r-ratin' through his clenched fists that somebody persisted in keepin' him chained here day after day and night after night in this accursed dungeon and sayin' that he was mad — not just plain, common crazy, you understand, but ma-a-a-ad, muh-ad-d-d-d-d-d-d-d, har, har, har-r-r-r-r-r! And so forth.

"Of course, as I say, it is out of the question and could n't be done; but if it was practicable and the law would permit, I-golly! that's the kind of an elocutionary entertainment I'd joyfully put up half-a-dollar to witness 'most any time! It would be pretty rough on the entertainers, but I figger that it would accomplish the desired result; those of the elocutionists who survived would have had enough, I judge, to satisfy 'em for the balance of their natural lives, and so, I should also presume, would them that did n't survive."

Tom P. Morgan.



INDIFFERENT LUCK.

FIRST HUNTER (*Adirondacks*).—Any luck to-day?

SECOND HUNTER.—No. I saw a guide, but I was to the windward of him, and so I could n't get near enough to shoot.

SPRUCIN' UP.

REUBEN.—Ever since his wife died, thet silly old Si Peters is a-tryin' tew make hisself out about twenty years younger than he is.

CYNTHIA.—What's his latest foolishness?

REUBEN.—Why, he rushed inter the post-office tew-day, shiverin' an' shakin', an' declared it wuz about the coldest day he ever experienced.

WITH SCOTTISH ACCENT.

NEW SHADE.—Mercy! Is there always such extremely hideous wailing and gnashing of teeth?

SATAN.—By no means! You happen to have arrived during the mixed foursomes of the Glen Hades Golf Club!

TO A CERTAIN extent the voice of conscience can be cultivated to suit the taste of the listener.

IF YOU want to be in a continual state of disappointment and unhappiness just try to get your money's-worth of everything you buy.

AN INQUIRY.

MISS BEANSBY.—Perhaps you have n't read all of Omar Khayyam?

MRS. PORKCHOPP.—Perhaps not. Has he written anything recently?

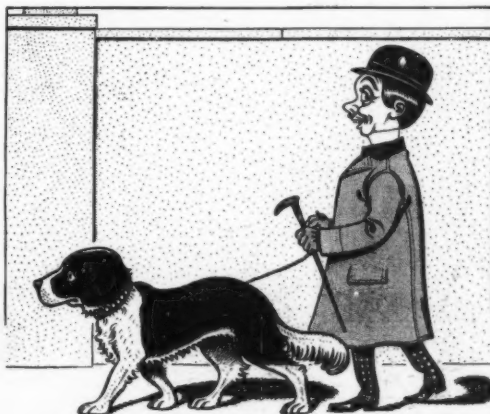
A DIFFICULTY REMOVED.

"Dickie, when you divided those five caramels with little sister did you give her three?"

"No, Ma. I guessed they would n't come out even — so I et one 'fore I begun to divide."

ROVER'S GREETING.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLE & SCHWARZMANN



CHOLLY.—Yes, I always take Rover when I call on Clara. Clara is always delighted to see him, and he is overjoyed on seeing Clara.

MATRIMONIAL NOTE.

Miss Robin's engagement
To Mr. Redbreast
We noted in March:
They have finished their nest.

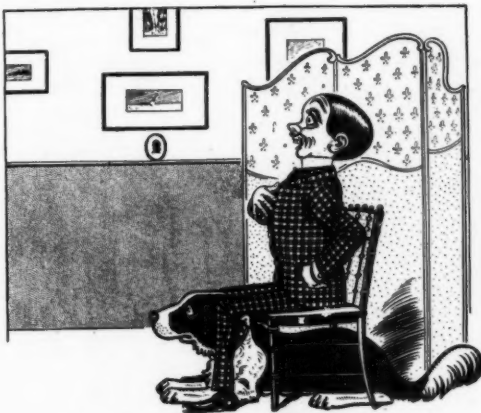
They were married last Tuesday; —
The ceremonee
Was performed by the Reverend
Chick-a-D. D. F. S. B.

THE ARTISTIC TOUSLE.

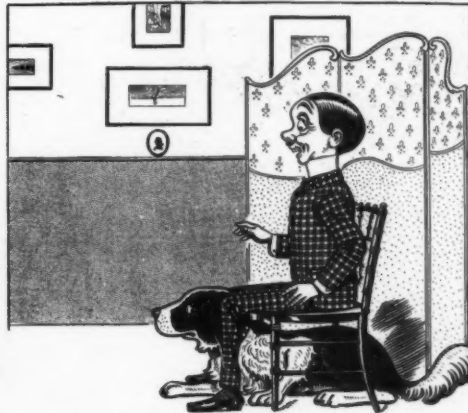
"Oh, May! how did you get your hair arranged so beautifully?"

"I did it up carefully and then played two games of basket-ball."

IT TAKES years to convince us that gray hairs do not necessarily mean advanced age.



"Want to get under the chair, eh? All right; It will show her how fond he is of me. Love me, love my dog, or vice versa. Ha! Ha!"



"Lie still, Rover! Miss Clara will be in in a few moments. Ah! I hear her coming now. Be ready to greet her, Rover. We look like a picture."



"Good afternoon, Clara; here are Rover and I —"

THE DYSEPATIC.

A TEMPERANCE SERMON.

WHEN Harry Goodkind first came to the city from the country he was used to simple fare. His lips had never been polluted with welsh rabbits or lobster salads, and his digestive organs played harmoniously. When he had left his old mother, to plunge into the vortex of city life, she had made him promise to abstain from debilitating foods, and he had gone forth sure of his ability to live up to his compact. His step was firm, his eye was bright, his cheeks were ruddy, and for him the simple fare of his fathers seemed all sufficient.

But he made money easily and he soon fell in with a class of men who were in a fair way to become dyspeptics; in fact, some of them had already suffered its awful pangs although they would not admit it. Your true dyspeptic is ever loath to admit the clutch of his enemy. Harry was too honest to pretend to dislike the pleasant tasting but diabolical inventions of perverted *cordons bleus* and at suppers and dinners innumerable he partook of various "mixed" dishes and his appetite grew by what it fed on until at last he actually craved rich, highly seasoned foods. The roast-beef that had nourished his youth was cast aside with contempt and indigestible compounds found their way to his hitherto exclusive stomach.

His eye began to lose its lustre, his gait its springiness, his cheek its color. He had entered upon the downward path that leads to dyspepsia!

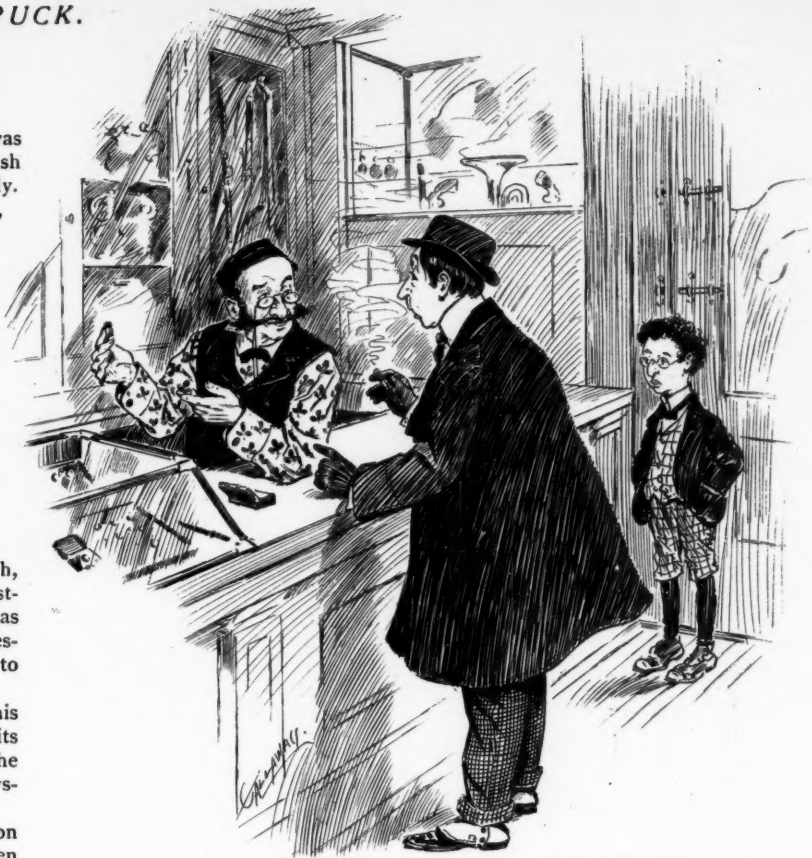
Let not some liberal-minded person say: "Ah! but he should have been temperate in his use of the good things of the table." Be not deceived. There is no such thing as temperance. Total abstinence from tissue-destroying solids; that, my friend, is the only remedy for the dyspeptic.

At last, when it was too late, handsome Harry Goodkind, no longer handsome and

good and kind, but irritable and fault-finding and captious, saw the folly of his course. To be sure, owing to the curious canons of society, he was allowed in parlors where a good-natured drunkard would have been excluded; but he was a discourager of conversation, so morose and snappish had he become, and his sallowness and lackluster eyes and nervous hands betrayed his secret—he was a dyspeptic!

And, dear reader, alas! that I should have to say it, he was no worse than thousands of young men, aye, and women, too, in this broad land, who are forcing their stomachs to perform chemical transmutations beyond their capacity. Dyspepsia stalks abroad, claiming each year more victims than drink ever did.

The world can admire an honest drinker. He obtains pleasure for himself, and he is a source of pleasure to others—who laugh at him. The friendly wine



A SHINING EXAMPLE.

"I'm almost afraid the stone is too large, doncherknow."

"Vy, dot ain't too large. You oughter see der vun my brudder-in-law vears!"



"SMALL HOT BIRDS."



A GHASTLY FEAR.

MRS. STRONGMIND.—Henry, I want you to come straight home as soon as you leave the office, every day! You were twenty minutes late yesterday, and it gave me quite a shock.

HENRY.—Y-Yes, Henrietta. But you did n't think I'd been run over by a car, did you?

MRS. STRONGMIND.—No; but how was I to know that somebody was n't holding you for ransom?

mounts to his brain and unseals his pent-up wit, uncorks the fountains of his charitable feelings and renders him amiable and amusing. But

the demon of dyspepsia once in a man, he lives for himself alone, is a thing to be avoided by others, is a disgrace to mankind. And when, like poor Harry Goodkind, he sinks into a dyspeptic's grave, there are few men who do not in their heart of hearts exclaim, "A victim of intemperance!"

Charles Battell Loomis.

ONLY a woman's love is blind enough to mistake thirty cents for a Greek god.

PERSEVERANCE and obstinacy are twins, and you can't always tell them apart.

IT is pretty hard to keep up much enthusiasm about things that you have to do.

A MAN convinced against his will finds it terribly embarrassing to acknowledge it.

PUCK.



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, March 13, 1901. — No. 1253.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—The contents of Puck are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

Puck's Illustrations can be found only in PUCK'S Publications.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MARCH 4TH, 1901. FROM SOME well-trying material left over from the old and a little fresh stuff, a new administration has been fashioned for the coming four years. Despite all the asperities of partisanship it is probable that no President ever took the oath of office enjoying a wider trust in the honesty of his purposes. Nor, on the whole, have more than a few inspired a wider belief in their capacity for meet action in critical emergencies. As to the new Vice-President, let us hope that his recent activities have for the moment depleted that certain surplus of energy which has caused him to be regarded with some foreboding. Possibly a periodical vent of this character may save him from becoming *l'enfant terrible* of the executive household. To this good end may Heaven multiply, forfend and make more strenuous the noble game of the far and furry West. PUCK makes his best compliments to President and to Vice-President. He wishes them success equal to that of their predecessors; and hopes, withal, that the times may try them less severely.

EDWARD, THE HISTORIAN, REX. Buckle, tried to find out what makes nations. It is too bad that he did not live to finish his great work. A little farther on he must have been struck with the relation which a government bears to the sense of humor developed by its people; and we should have had catalogued those various phenomena indicating the ultimate extinction of the monarchical idea through the simple process of its becoming too funny. The coronation of the King of England he would have found notably suggestive. Why should a body of hard-headed, hard-working, sober-minded mechanics, farmers and shop-keepers earnestly revere a wardrobe of fantastic costumes? Above all, how have they kept a notion that the person upon which they are draped is an appreciable factor in their government? When the King of Arms, weird spectre from a remote past, intones his proclamation, and the person in its brave flaunt of ermine and royal red, and shiny yellow hardware, recites the speech of the Prime Minister like a phonograph grinding out a comic monologue, why does the scene actually impress the excellent British people? Claiming no authority to speak for Mr. Buckle, we guess he might relate this phenomenon to a sense of humor the growth of which in the British mind it has suited Heaven to obstruct. A people to whom it is poignant drollery to suggest that Mr. Black is feeling very blue to-day; or that one has observed Mr. White in a brown study; and who regard as rather pretentiously subtle the conception that in a certain state a door is not a door—"such a people," Mr. Buckle would not improbably remark, "will ever be found impressed with this childish foolery. Their innate love of liberty and sturdy sense of justice may be relied upon to reduce their King from a despot to a costumer's dummy; but the obliteration of this lay-figure itself must await the orderly evolution of that faculty for true-seeing which we name the sense of humor. As an example of how this sense in an otherwise progressive race may be retarded by unfavorable climatic conditions, no less than by certain congenital disabilities . . . , etc., etc., etc."

A SAD CASE. THAT CALAMITY which many of his admirers began to apprehend some months ago has befallen our great and good friend "Mark Twain." It was more than the ideal human stomach could endure—all those banquets with their devilish arrays of gravied *bric-à-brac* which no Christian should eat. He should have been warned at the beginning of his debauch. Had that proved ineffective, some able-bodied, public-spirited friend should have broken into the hateful place where he was munching pink candle-shades and smilax, varnished pastry, croquettes with union labels on the bottom, perfumed sweetbreads, and the meretricious goose-liver that achieves eminence solely by its sloth;—broken in and dragged him out even before the orchestra had ceased playing "Hail to the Chef!"—dragged him off and locked him in a room where he would have had to fare on Sanitary Oats and Health Biscuit and Liverine and pure, sparkling water—until his better self had conquered. But this public service went undone. Night after night found his worthy legs below the fatal board that

"groaned under its weight of good things"—with mighty good reason. No one warned him. No one slugged him and chained him up. In a little while he had to have a pink candle-shade and *marrons glacés* before breakfast; and in his study he secreted a hamper of *tortue verte* and a game *pâté* from which he would take sly nips during the day. Insidiously the deadly acids began to corrode a soul whose sane geniality many had come to believe immortal. Now he never leaves the banquet-table until he has eaten the doily from under his finger-bowl; and his days are passed in cursing his country. All countries are bad except President Kruger's and President Aguinaldo's; but of the whole villainous lot, the rottenest is the one of which he has the ill-luck to be a citizen. It is "un-American," "treacherous," "unfair," "ungenerous," "unclean." In the Philippines it has "STAMPED OUT A JUST AND INTELLIGENT AND WELL-ORDERED REPUBLIC," and has "debauched American honor and blackened her face before the world." All is ignominy, foul disgrace. We verily believe the man could n't be more abusively contemptuous of things American if he were the editor of a London daily or the New York *Evening Post*. And so there is no more a "Mark Twain." Nothing but a certain peevish, dyspeptic Mr. Clemens with a bad case of ingrowing ethics. Psychologists often debate interestingly as to which faculty of the mind is last to decay when general dissolution sets in. We submit for what it may be worth the opinion that man's capacity for making an ass of himself survives all the others. And we are confident that "Mark Twain" would once upon a time have been the first to accord this view his hearty support. Possibly he would have added that the professional humorist, more than any other man, needs to make the truth so thoroughly a part of his being that even his microbes never forget it.

OUR TONGUES.

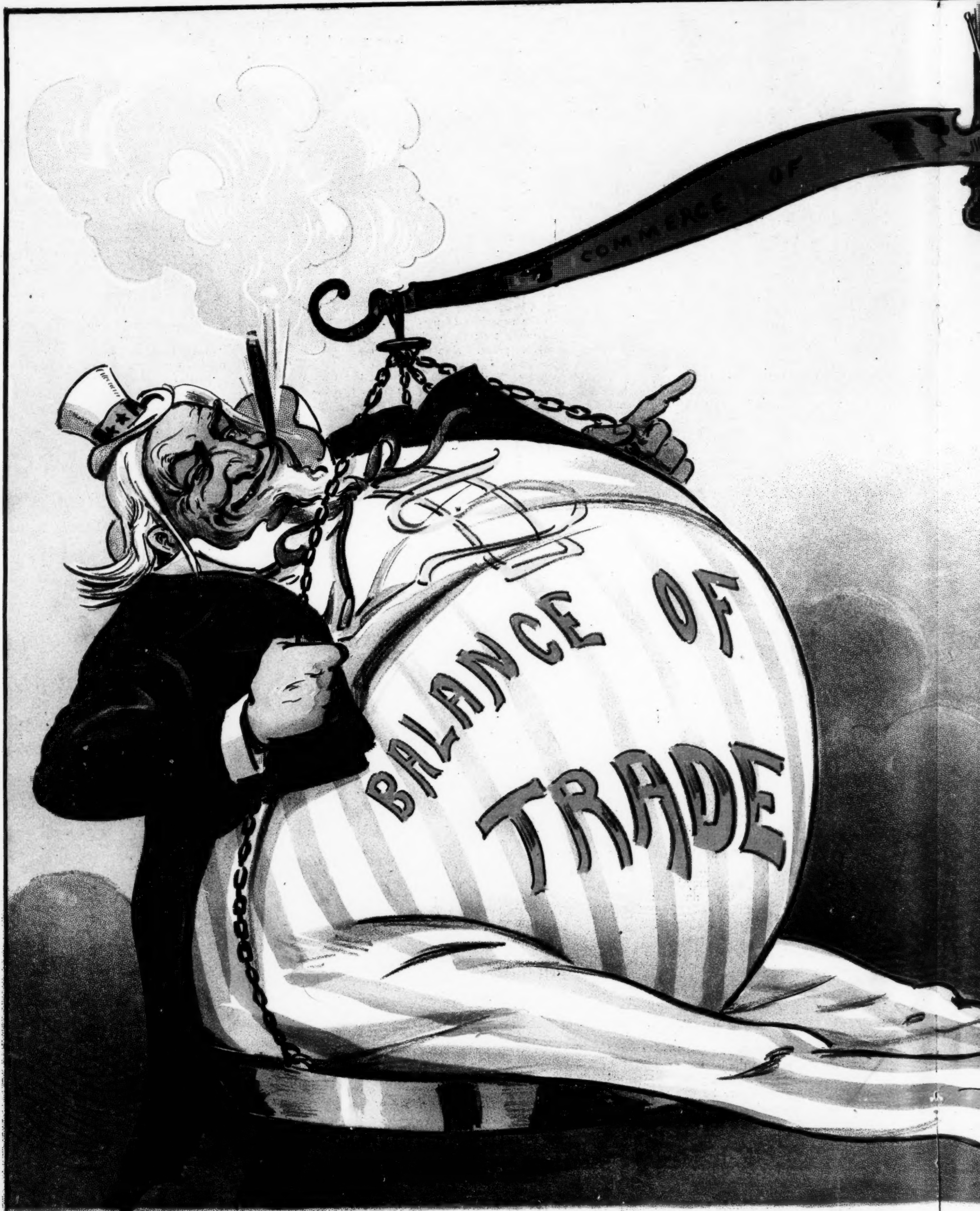
They never tire of cheering
The soldier as he tramps
Warward, but a-weary
They soon get of licking stamps.

IN THE set-to between Mrs. Nation and the Demon Rum, the latter is coming up a trifle groggy.



YE ANCIENT WOODEN SHIP VS. THE STEEL GREYHOUND.

IT'S TRUE THE LATTER BEAT THEM ACROSS, BUT THEY ALSO
BEAT THEM TO THE BOTTOM.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

WEIGHED AND NOT

Uncle Sam's Balance of Trade is now the largest favorable balance



AND NOT WANTING.

est favorable balance any nation has ever had in its foreign trade



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

"Why was she blackballed?"

"Why, she consulted her husband before applying for membership!"

BRIEF AUTHORITY.

IT IS rumored in publishing circles that the example set by Alfred Harmsworth when he attempted to clean the Augean — that is, when he assumed temporary editorship of the *World*, is to be followed by some of our most popular periodicals.

The editor of the *Atlantic* will issue one edition of *Munsey's*, and it is understood that he will improve it by the elimination of pictures. He will also abolish all the departments but "Literary Chat" and will try to make it a paper that will appeal to Back Bayers — which are not the same as back biters.

Richard K. Fox will try to put new life into the *Outlook* for the space of a month, and while it will doubtless be the pink of propriety it will try to come down to the level of the East Side, hitherto a crying lack in its make-up.

Harper's April issue will be edited by Joseph Pulitzer. He will take his entire staff down with him, and while they are in the building in Franklin Square the regular staff will take to the woods — for a vacation.

The president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will assume editorship of *McClure's* for a month; but this will not bring about any radical change, as he will retain Mr. Watson's contribution and the usual quota of railroad stories, merely stipulating that they be written by union men.

Senator Pettigrew will run the New York *Sun* for one day, with a view to increasing its circulation among native Filipinos.

PUCK will be edited for one issue by Senator Beveridge, who will purge it of humor, which he does not think becoming in these strenuous days.

The *Critic* will be edited by Harry Thurston Peck, who will try hard to impart to it a literary flavor; and Miss Gilder will try to perform a like office for the *Bookman*.

Frank A. Munsey will become editor of the *Atlantic* for one month, and we hear that he has already prepared a bulletin which is to be printed in red letters on its cover, and which will run as follows:

"I don't care who was before me, Lowell or Howells or Aldrich, I've printed this month the crackerjackest issue of the *Atlantic* that ever came up the boulevard; and if this is n't Gospel truth I'll eat my hat.

"F. A. M."



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

NOT USED TO IT.

CAIUS ROXUS.—But why dost thou not look for a job?

TRAMPUS ROMANUS.—Alas! noble patrician, at my age, I fear, 't were useless to begin!

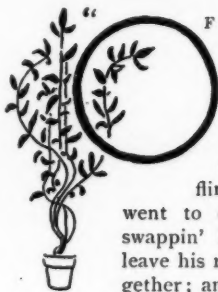


COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZBAUM

NO SMALL MATTER.

MR. HIPPO.—Well, I'm off, dear;—are n't you going to kiss me?
MRS. HIPPO.—S'h!!! No; I'm afraid it will wake the baby.

HIS INGRATITUDE.



IF ALL the ungrateful critters in this world, I vow and contend that my second cousin, Caleb Swiggs, was the meanest, even if he is dead and gone now!" aggrievedly ejaculated Miss Almira Pennypincher. "Most all of his life he guzzled liquor, used bad language, fiddled at dances, made a mock of missionary societies, kept away from church like it was pizonous, played cards, flirted with widows, made ribald jokes at church festivals, went to every show that came along, and gouged everybody swappin' horses; and by such and kindred means was able to leave his relatives as much as twenty-eight hundred dollars, altogether; and he never willed me a cent out of it—not one solitary cent!—after all the tracts I gave him and the warnin's about where his sinful and red-nosed practices would finally land him if he persisted in 'em!

"But, I declare, all men are alike! The more you do for one of 'em the more you may; and that's all the thanks you get for it!"

IN THE EDITOR'S FAMILY.

ETHEL (aged seven).—Tommy, where you s'pose our little brother come from? Nurse says we found him out under the gooseberry bush!

TOMMY (aged five).—Huh! We did n't, either! Papa took him in on subscription.

THE DIFFERENCE.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, what is the difference between a professional and an amateur?

MR. CALLIPERS.—Why, one does it because he has to, and the other because he does n't have to.

A CRYING SHAME.

THE POSTMASTER (of Punktown).—The advance agent uv thet "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company told me they would n't have tew take the road at all, but could show in Noo York City the year around but for one thing.

FARMER RUBY.—What's that?

THE POSTMASTER.—The Gerry Society won't let *Little Eva* act, down there.

THE BRIGHTEST BOY.

AT SCHOOL there always was a boy who stood above the rest. From "jography" to "rithmetic" his record was the best. The teacher used to turn to him and murmur with a sigh: "If all of you 've forgotten we'll let Johnny tell us why." And Johnny 'd up and spout it all without a single "er;" And then the teacher 'd smile at him, and he 'd smile back at her. He was n't much to look at, and he never broke a rule, But you can bet we envied him when we were in the school!

But sometimes when the school let out and snow was on the ground, There 'd be a sort of signal and the clan would gather round; And when our little Johnny came,—tho' nothing much was said,— We 'd find a frosty drift of snow to cool that mighty head. We 'd throw him in, and pull him out, and say 't was all in play, And use the soft and lovely snow to wipe his tears away. Although he *was* the brightest boy and never broke a rule, I don't believe we envied him when he was *out* of school!

J. H. H.

NEEDED THE MONEY.

DOCTOR.—That man I just called on has appendicitis.
HIS WIFE.—I think an operation will be necessary, George.

DOCTOR (in surprise).—You do? Why?

HIS WIFE.—I'll need two new gowns next month.

TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE.

"Corning declares he never knew what real courtesy was until he went among the pastoral people of Quebec last Summer."

"Oh, yes! They pretended to understand Corning's French, I believe!"

ALL ARRANGED.

"Your typewriter-girl did n't leave when you cut her salary down?"

"No. She said she 'd stay and not do so much work; that she had a lot of books she wanted to read, anyway."

ONE DIFFICULTY with the formula of "addition, division and silence" is that money talks.



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZBAUM

AFTER THE RESCUE.

"He considered it pretty hard luck to fall in."
"He did? Oh, well, any one fool enough to skate up to the sign would be fool enough to call it luck!"



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZBAUM

WOMAN'S TACT.

REVEREND GASSINGTON.—Honestly, Miss Deering, do you think my sermons are too long?

MISS DEERING.—Oh, dear, no! I merely think that life is too short.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New
York.

DESCRIPTIONS of heaven in the Bible sound
a great deal like a girl's description of a party
that pleased her.—*Albion Globe.*

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZBAUM

AS TO A FRIEND.

MAMA.—What was her reason for refusing the millionaire?
SHE.—A multi-millionaire.

Your scale of wages depends on
your efficiency.

FREE
SCHOLARSHIP

The Trustees of the American School of Correspondence
will award a limited number of Free Scholarships in
Mechanical, Electrical, Marine, Stationary,
and Locomotive Engineering, including a complete
course in Mechanical Drawing. Application blank
on request.

American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass.
(Incorporated by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts) Mention this paper.

Angostura Bitters are a South American product.
Dr. Siegel's is the only genuine. Beware of the poi-
sonous domestic substitute and imitation.

AS GOOD as onions taste, what a pity that
they smell so horrid!—*Washington Democrat.*

SPONGE CAKE.

MISTRESS.—Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as can be!
NEW COOK.—Yes, Mum;—that's the way a sponge is before it's wet.
Soak it in your tea, Mum.—*New York Weekly.*

NO USE TELLING.

"You can always tell an Englishman," began the Britisher, boastfully.
"But it would be a waste of breath," interrupted the Yankee; "because he
thinks he knows it all."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

WHAT ARE THE

"Club Cocktails?"



Drinks that are famous the
world over. Made from the
best of liquors and used
by thousands of men and
women in their own homes
in place of tonics, whose
composition is unknown.

Are they on your side-
board?

Would not such a drink
put new life into the tired
woman who has shopped
all day? Would it not be
the drink to offer to the
husband when he returns
home after his day's busi-
ness?

Choice of Manhattan,
Martini, Tom or Holland
Gin, Vermouth, York or
Whisky.

For sale by all Fancy Gro-
cers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.

WIND AND RAIN PROOF

BOX OVERCOAT

4-inch velvet collar, plaid flannel lin-
ing: sizes from 32 to 60.

\$2.50.

Worth \$10.00 of any man's money.

We will send, express paid, to any
part of United States, for \$2.00. Most
practical coat for driving. Mail orders
promptly filled. Send size of chest
measure, and length of sleeve, from
center of back. If not satisfactory
money refunded. F.

DELAWARE RUBBER CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway offers to
Florida, the shortest line. Solid vestibuled
trains from Pennsylvania stations, New York;
Pullman Buffet cars; unexcelled dining car
service. Also to Atlanta by rail; to Norfolk,
steamer or rail, with close connections at both
points for South and Southwest.



Players
everywhere prefer

Bicycle

Playing
Cards

because their superior playing qualities
and finish make playing with them a pleasure.

"Card Games, and How to Play Them," a
120 page book mailed for six flap ends
from Bicycle boxes, or five 2c. stamps.

Dept. 25 THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sold by Dealers
from Greenland
to Australia.

No other
25c. card
is so durable
and satisfactory.

Goddess of Liberty
trade-mark ace
on every pack.

For Duplicate Whist use Paine's, Kalamazoo, or U. S. Trays.

OPIUM

MORPHINE and LAUDANUM

habits cured by OPACURA a painless home
treatment endorsed and used by leading Phy-
sicians. A TRIAL TREATMENT,
sufficient to convince you it WILL CURE,
sent FREE, with book of testimonials (sealed).
OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. Z. Chicago.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

52, 54 and 56 Bleeker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

326
FIRST
PREMIUMS

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

Prairie State Incubator Co.,
Homer City, Pa.

Fastest Trains in the World — On the New York Central.

3¢ will Buy a
Pathfinder
CIGAR

SOLD UNDER **THOMAS J. HUNT NOTARY PUBLIC** **PHILADELPHIA PA.** **BONA FIDE GUARANTEE**

ASK YOUR DEALER:
 If he does not sell them, send his name and address and \$1.25 to
W. K. GRESH & SONS, PACKERS NORRISTOWN, PA.
 who will send you a box of 25, express prepaid.

SELECTED GRAIN
SCIENTIFIC MALTING

the most skilful handling.

Ballantine Brew

Look for this mark. It is on

India Pale Ale, XXX Canada Malt Ale, Old Burton Ale, Porter, Brown Stout, Half and Half.
 On Draught or in Bottles.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.
 124 Cedar St., cor. Washington, New York.

Smith & Wesson
Revolvers.

The Worlds Standard.

Catalogue of latest Models for a stamp.
SMITH & WESSON, 8 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

"Standard of Highest Merit"
FISCHER
PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."
33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.
 Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Library No. 165
 entitled
"Tom, Dick and Harry."

Brimful of fun from cover to cover
 Over seventy illustrations by the best
COMIC ARTISTS

Price 10 cents per copy
 All newsdealers, or by mail from the
 publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!

Hartford Tires

Represent everything that can be desired in a perfectly comfortable, practical, honest tire.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co., HARTFORD, CONN.

HARD LINES.

"That must have been a pretty poor variety show you were with," remarked the stranded tragedian. "I understand at one town they even threw rocks at you as you appeared on the stage."

"Yes," replied the comedian; "in their determination to show their disapproval they left no turn unstoned."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

AT THE BAZAAR.

MISS BOOTH.—Don't you want to take a chance on an automobile?
MR. LIMPPE.—Not much! I took a chance on one the other day crossing the street and was run down and nearly killed.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



THE SUFFERER.

O'KEEFE.—How long did th' shTROIKE lasht?
KELLY.—Tin wakes.
O'KEEFE.—Thin, at th' rate av noine dollars a wake, yer out av pocket jisht noineety dollars?
KELLY.—Troth, Oi'm not!
O'KEEFE (in surprise).—Yer not? Thin who is?
KELLY.—Burke, th' saloon-keeper.

Remember, a pint of **Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne** "after a night of it" makes the new day bright.

When you use bitters see that the label says "Abbott's." There is but one best—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

THE WORK OF SALVATION.

MRS. PODUNKER.—Seems to me 't is n't exactly right to be addin' so much water to the milk; 'specially Sunday mornin'.

DEACON PODUNKER (milkman).—Why, Miranda, you would n't stand in the way o' salvation, would ye?
 "Of course not."
 "Well, don't ye know one-half o' them people what goes to church never hears a word, because they 're asleep an' snorin' in the pews. It's shameful!"
 "Indeed, it is! But they should n't fall asleep."
 "They can't help it, Miranda. Give people rich milk, an' they 're bound to feel sleepy. It's worse than opium. Pump a little more, Miranda!" —*New York Weekly.*

A SEVERE SUGGESTION.

"I reckon our boy Josh must be a reg'lar genius," said Farmer Cornloss.
 "What makes you think so?"
 "Well, from all I kin read a genius is a man that has to wait for posterity to realize that he amounts to anythin'. An' it kind o' seems to me that's the way with Josh."—*Washington Star.*

VERA GOODHEART.—She is n't exactly pretty, but she has a face that grows on one.
SALLIE DE WITTE.—And how fortunate it is that it does n't grow on more than one! —*Indianapolis News.*

NOTHING will ever take the place of the turkey for a family feast, for the reason that nothing else holds so much "stuffing."—*Atchison Globe.*

Maryland Club

Pure Rye Whiskey

It tastes old because it is old

CAHN, BELT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Ask for MARYLAND CLUB

And see that you get it.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The Only Kind that Won't Dry on the Face"

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.
The only firm in the world making a specialty of SHAVING Soaps.
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.
 LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
 —*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S
THREE STAR
BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

Government Positions

Nearly 10,000 appointments made last year. Chances better for 1901. Hundreds of those who have been appointed were prepared by mail by us. Ninth year. Full particulars free concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held, our methods, etc. Write to-day.
National Correspondence Institute, 81-42nd St., 1st Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.

WHEN there is a division of opinion each side is confident that it has the best share.—*Indianapolis News.*

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.
 Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. K. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

THIS LABEL
IS SEWN ON
THE FINEST
READY-TO-WEAR
CLOTHES

The Stein Bloch Co.
Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1888

GUARANTEED
EQUAL TO
HIGH-CLASS
MADE-TO-MEASURE
GARMENTS.

TRY ON A SUIT OR TOP COAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.
SOLD BY THE BEST STORES EVERYWHERE.
If you would be fashionably dressed at small cost,
see that the clothes you buy bear
THE STEIN-BLOCH LABEL

STEIN-BLOCH Suits, \$15.75 to \$30.00
STEIN-BLOCH Top Coats, \$15.75 to \$35.00

Write for Brochure No. 7
WHAT FASHIONABLE MEN WILL WEAR
SPRING AND SUMMER 1901
THE STEIN-BLOCH CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

White Rock
LITHIA WATER

**KEEPS THE HEAD COOL
AND BRAIN CLEAR.
DRINK IT ON RISING
EVERY MORNING.**

NOT QUITE FREE.
NEW ARRIVAL.—Oi waz towld this waz a free country.
FRIEND.—Well, is n't it?
NEW ARRIVAL.—Indade it is not! Oi had to shtay at Sandy Hook foive days an' then be fumygated befor Oi c'u'd get on th' police foorce. — *New York Weekly*.

THE farther up the ladder we get the slipperier the rungs seem to be. — *Indianapolis News*.

New York Sun says Editorially, Dec. 12th, 1899:

**** Since undue alcoholic stimulation affects first the judgment, weakening it seriously, it is known to be responsible for a great part of the business failures. The really notable financiers of Wall Street do not belong to the "cocktail brigade," clearness of head and soundness of judgment being too indispensable to them. Only the small fry depend on "whiskey courage." *** Drunkenness has become disreputable, or is pitied as the manifestation of a deplorable disease. In all callings in life, from the highest to the lowest, sobriety is more and more at a premium and intemperance is more and more distrusted. The temperance agitation which has been most effectual, therefore, has been SCIENTIFIC rather than purely moral and religious. For the old-fashioned "temperance pledge" of the days of GOUGH, the specific medical treatment of dipsomania as a disease has been substituted, and men are temperate from intelligent regard for the preservation of their sanity. *** Wall Street is filled with the stock and bonds of vast consolidated industrial enterprises which can only be maintained prosperously by the continuance in their management of a succession of peculiar administrative talents. *** At this time, therefore, men have found out that they cannot drink to excess if they are to hold their own. Science and invention have opened up and are steadily extending fields of labor wherein the keenest intelligence in the mechanic is requisite, so that he cannot afford to fuddle his head with drink; he must be a man who can always be depended on or he will be driven out. Never before was suspicion of intemperance in a worker so fatal to his success as now. Every man who is wise keeps himself constantly in fighting trim for the contest. *** Drunkenness has gone out of vogue both as a fashionable and as a popular amusement. It is a habit in which only those whose health and life are valueless to themselves and to everybody else can afford to indulge.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the institutions named.

Address the Institute nearest you.

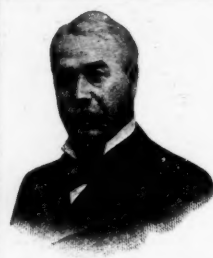
"Non-Hereditary of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. KEELEY, mailed upon application.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal.
1170 Market St.
Denver, Col.
18th & Curtis Sts.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
211 N. Capitol St.



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., L.L.D.

Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
1903 S. Adams St.
Plainfield, Ind.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
New Orleans, La.
1628-38 Felicity St.
Portland, Me.
151 Congress St.
Lexington, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.
2803 Locust St.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
17, 19, 21 Sheldon St.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Park Ave. & 10th St., S.
Omaha, Neb.
Cor 19th & Leavenworth Sts.
Carson City, Nev.
North Conway, N. H.
White Plains, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
799 Niagara St.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
 Fargo, N. D.
Columbus, Ohio.
90 N. 4th St.
Portland, Ore.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa.
4246 5th Ave.
Providence, R. I.
306 Washington St.
Columbia, S. C.
1109 Plain St.
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Dallas, Tex.
Bellevue Place.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
1st North & West Temple Sts.
Rutland, Vt.
Richmond, Va.
403 N. 12th St.
West Seattle, Wash.
Waukesha, Wis.
Toronto, Ont.
786 Queen St., W.

DELICACY APPRECIATED.

"Your friend says you are quick at repartee," said the young woman.

"That is very sweet of her," answered Miss Cayenne. "I don't know when I have been more touched."

"I had no idea you ever took a compliment so seriously."

"Oh! It is n't the compliment I care for. It is the consideration. She must be a true and loving friend or she would n't take such a roundabout way of declaring that I am ill-natured."—*Washington Star*.

THE COMMON FAILING.

Some claim that they believe in signs, But, lacking self-restraint, Must prove unto themselves by touch The truth of one marked "Paint!"

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

BETTER THAN LAW.

MR. SUBURB.—My neighbor has a big dog that we are all afraid of. What do you advise?

LAWYER.—Get a bigger one. Five dollars, please!—*New York Weekly*.

WATCHING HIS OPPORTUNITY.

"Your son has a very robust appetite."

"Yes; I'm so ashamed of him! He always overeats when we have company."

"Then 's the only chance I ever git," said the terrible infant.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I WOULD hate to buy candles for her birthday cake." — [Comment of a woman on another woman's age.] — *Atchison Globe*.

"SPEAKING of a touch of Winter," remarked Bacon, "a friend of mine asked me for a loan to buy a heavy overcoat." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

EVERYBODY knows that the sun has spots on it, and yet some people always expect a ten-year-old boy to be about perfect.—*Star of Hope*.

"I PORTRAY Nature exactly as I see her."

"Well, my boy, she 's surely been fooling you." — *Indianapolis News*.

"I GUESS Jones has fallen into some money."

"Yes; he told me he dropped into a bank yesterday." — *Yonkers Herald*.



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMAN

A TRANSLATION.

FIRST ACTOR.—Hamm feels that he is caviare to the general.

SECOND ACTOR.—What do you mean—that he can't get a job?



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMAN

HE DEFIES ATTACK.

HE.—No use—hic—use callin' me down when I'm in—hic—zis condition, Maria!

SHE.—It is n't, eh?

HE.—No. I'm not a bit afraid of you, except when I'm—hic—sober!

GOLD SEAL
AMERICA'S BEST
CHAMPAGNE
THE MOST
POPULAR
AMERICAN
WINE.
EQUAL
TO THE
BEST
IMPORTED
AT
ONE-HALF THE PRICE.
URBANA WINE CO.
URBANA, N. Y.



**Arnold
Constable & Co.**
Dress Fabrics.


Silk and Wool Barèges, Nun's Veilings, Mousseline,
Plain and Fancy Crêpes,
Silk Warp Henriettas,
Taffetas, Camel's Hair, Serges,
Thin Dress Novelties
For House and Evening Wear.
Silk and Wool and All-Wool Tissues.
"Koechli's" Celebrated
Organdies.
Plain and Fancy Batistes.
Printed Silk Stripe Challies.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable
polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keepers' Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



FINE-BLOODED Cattle, Sheep,
Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send
stamps for Catalogues. 150 engravings.
N. P. BOYER & CO., Coatesville, Pa.



Pabst beer is always pure



FIXING THE DATE.

BLEECKER. — So you think Baxter has been married about six years.
SPRUCK. — Yes; that overcoat of his is the style of 1895!

Evans' Ale

Looks Good
Tastes Good
Does Good
and IS Good

Smooth, Sound
Sparkling, Snappy

Brewed for past 115 years.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



IN old times whiskey
was not harmful;
that kind is not harm-
ful now

Old Overholt

Bottled in Bond
Direct from the
barrel

A. OVERHOLT & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each town to ride and exhibit
sample 1901 Bicycle. **BEST MAKES**
1901 Models, \$10 to \$18
'99 & '00 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$12.
500 Second-hand Wheels
all makes and models, good as new,
\$8 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing
Sale at half factory cost. We ship
anywhere on approval and ten days
trial without a cent in advance.
EARN A BICYCLE distribut-
ing Catalogues for us. We have a
wonderful proposition to Agents for
1901. Write at once for our Bargain
List and Special Offer. Address Dept. 146 P.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago

If annoyed with a sallow complexion
And blue at your yellow reflection,
Take R.I.P.A.N.S. each day
For a fortnight, and they
Will remove every cause for dejection.



FOR SALE—PUCK'S ORIGINALS.

OWING to the many requests for the original drawings of
pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have
decided to place them all on sale. These drawings by PUCK'S
artists are in various methods, — pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon,
pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as
large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his representative
artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building,
Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them
at any time.

The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any
drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number
of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges
to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S
artists have long sought.



A black and white illustration of a man and a woman standing in a room. The man, on the left, wears a top hat and a dark coat. He has a large, bulbous nose, a wide, toothy grin, and a prominent, dark, bushy mustache. The woman, on the right, wears a dark dress and a high collar. She has a large, bulbous nose, a wide, toothy grin, and a prominent, dark, bushy mustache. They are standing in a room with a window and a door. The window has a grid pattern, and the door is partially visible. The illustration is signed 'TIA' in the bottom right corner.

A high-contrast, black and white illustration of a woman's face, heavily shadowed and framed by dark, ornate patterns. The style is reminiscent of early 20th-century graphic design or poster art. The woman's face is the central focus, with her eyes looking upwards and to the right. Her features are partially obscured by deep shadows and intricate, dark patterns that resemble jewelry or architectural elements. The background is a textured, light gray, providing a stark contrast to the dark foreground elements. The overall composition is vertical and framed by a thin black border.

THE DOUBLE SERENADE.